

"IF."

"If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you;
But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

"If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with triumph and disaster
And treat those two imposters just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

"If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the will which says to them, 'Hold on!'"

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man, my son!"

Rudyard Kipling.

The Housewife.

All day she is toiling, she's baking, she's boiling, she's cleaning the windows, she's sweeping the floor; she's sewing on patches and picking up matches and chasing the agents away from the door. She's cooking she's canning, she's scheming, she's planning, she's looking for dust with her eye to the lens; she's laboring hard in the early spring garden; she's begging the neighbors to keep up their hens. She's dyeing her dresses and sweetly confesses they'll look pretty well when they're turned inside out, she's whacking up cabbage to make into kraut. There's no rest or play time through all the long day-time, there's nothing in sight that would make her heart glad; and even when she's sitting she takes up her knitting to fashion a sock or a muffler for dad. Oh, why should a woman do tasks superhuman. What pleasure to her does existence accord, and what is the garden that pays for the burden—where finds she the profit and where the reward. Her husband is coming, a roundelay humming, he calls her a pet name and gives her a kiss; her weary face brightens, with love her eyes lighten, she seems quite content with such payment as this.—Walt Mason.

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If I Should Die Tonight.

If I should die tonight,
My friends would look upon my quiet face
Before they laid it in its resting place,
And deem that death had left it almost fair;
And, laying snow white flowers against my hair,
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness.
Poor hands, so empty and so cold tonight!

If I should die tonight,
My friends would call to mind the loving thought,
Some kindly deed the icy hands had sped;
The memory of my selfishness and pride,
My hasty words would all be put aside.
And so I should be loved and mourned tonight.

If I should die tonight
Even hearts estranged would turn at once to me,
Recalling other days remorsefully
The eyes that chill me with varied glance
Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,
And often, in the old familiar way,
For who could war with dumb, unconscious clay?
So, I might rest, forgiven of all tonight.

O, friends, I pray tonight,
Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow—
The way is lonely, let me feel them now,
Think gently of me; I am travel worn;
My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn.
Forgive, O, heart estranged, forgive I plead!
When dreamless rest is mine I will not need
The tenderness for which I long tonight.

Unknown Author.

How Aviators Became Famous.

Hubert Latham began his career as a consumptive street car conductor, doomed by the doctors. But either the doctors were wrong or flying is conducive to health, for Hubert Latham is still alive and well, having flown more miles and won more prize money than any other aviator in the world.

The Wright brothers ran a bicycle shop in a small American city when they first began to realize the possibilities of the developing motor car power plant as a means to the solution of the aerial problem. They made themselves the first men in this world to get off the ground with a man-carrying power-driven machine capable of continued flight. For the last few years the Wright brothers—one of whom recently died, not in the air, but where most men die, in bed—have been regarded among the world's foremost manufacturers of flying machines, and the property of the firm is reputed to be worth close to a million dollars.

Curtiss was a small motor cycle manufacturer until he achieved fame and fortune by the air route. Henry Farman was a bicycle racer until the sirens of the air allured him.—From Current Literature.

Labor and Sorrow and Joy.

There are three things to which man is born—labor and sorrow and joy. Each of these three things has its baseness and its nobleness. There is base labor and noble labor. There is base sorrow and noble sorrow. There is base joy and noble joy. But you must not think to avoid the corruption of these things by doing without the things themselves. Nor can any life be right that has not all three. Labor without joy is base. Labor without sorrow is base. Sorrow without labor is base. Joy without labor is base.—From John Ruskin's "Time and Tide."

JOB PRINTING

The Kind that Pleases

The Democrat takes pleasure in giving its customers all that is best in high-class printing. We use nothing but the best material, and our printing is done by workmen who surely know how, which assures you in getting your stationery neatly and tastily arranged, and printed from the latest styles. We are always glad to show samples of our printing. If you are thinking of having any work done, don't fail to see us before making your order. We make a specialty of high-class printing of all kinds, including the following:

Letter Heads,
Bill Heads,
Booklets,
Catalogues,
Envelopes,

Note Heads,
Statements,
Folders,
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Etc., Etc.

ADVERTISE IN THE
DEMOCRAT
An Excellent Advertising Medium.

Must Pay His Debts.

On last Tuesday the case of H. F. Staple vs Chas. Traub was tried in circuit court of Atchison County, Mo. The suit was brought on a long standing account and among other items was sixteen years subscription for The Atchison County Mail, he claiming he did not take the paper, and that he had refused to take the paper from the post office and mail box a number of times. The plaintiff proved by postmaster, deputy postmasters and others that Mr. Traub did take the paper during all the sixteen years. In the case it was shown that according to law, even if a subscriber does occasionally order a newspaper discontinued or refuse to accept it, he cannot get out of paying what he owes for the paper, and the subscriber must pay the arrearage before stopping the paper.

The jury in this case was out only a short time and brought in a verdict for the entire account including the subscription for The Mail—sixteen years at \$1.50 a year or \$24. The costs in the justice court and the circuit court amounted to about \$100, besides the attorneys' fees.

A similar case has been decided by the court of appeals and it was held in that case that anyone taking a newspaper must pay for it as long as he takes it from the post-office.

This is not only law, but it also good common sense and justice, for why should a person be allowed to take a newspaper twenty or thirty years and not be compelled to pay for it?

We have been publishing The Mail for more than twenty-seven years and this is the first time we have brought suit against anyone for subscription. Nearly all our subscribers want us to wait for a few years and we gladly do so, and, with few exceptions, such credit is always appreciated and they pay without trying an evasion by ordering the paper stopped.—Atchison County Mail.

Lodge at Evansville.

Evansville is to have a lodge of Odd Fellows. Application has already been filed for a charter. Twenty-eight applicants for membership were secured by those having the matter in charge. A hall will probably be built in the near future.—Appeal.

Vote for Major.

Mr. Farmer, stand up. When the matter of assessing farm lands along with all property, at its full market value was up before the State Board of Equalization, Elliott W. Major, as a member of the Board, was your friend and voted against the proposition. Had he voted for it, you would be paying taxes to the full value of your farm. Now the question is, do you appreciate what Major did for you? If you do, manifest that appreciation by voting for him for Governor at the August primary. When you needed a friend, Major stood by you. Now that he needs a friend, what are you going to do about it? Can you hope to be faithfully served unless you show your appreciation of the men who fight your battles? Major is a strong candidate because he belongs to no faction and has a splendid record behind him. He can be elected and he will be nominated if the farmers are as loyal to him as Major was to their interest. One thing is certain, with Major governor there would be no scheme get by like full assessment or single tax whereby the farmer would get the worst of it. Its up to you, Mr. Farmer to get busy for Major.—Centralia Courier.